

# WIZ

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BOILLOCKS  
FUN TO SWEAR

Featuring our Royal Sex Saga

## PRINCESS OF HEARTS

and the return of

# Postman Plod

BAXTER'S  
BACK  
TOO

VOTE  
BASICS





# Diana

## Princess of Hearts Part 3

In the wake of Andrew Motherwell's revealing book and Diana's exposure on TV, the reluctant Princess suddenly found herself in the media spotlight. Suffering from enormous personal stress she had turned to star gazing shrink Mystic Meg for help.

Where are we going mommy?

We're going to see my analyst.

Oh no, not her again. She's a loony.

What's this? Oh no! The press are waiting outside, and I'm wearing trousers. Damn it!



But everywhere she went pepperami photographers lay in wait. Life became a never ending game of cat and mouse. And Diana was the cheese.

More than anything she yearned for privacy.

At last I've managed to burn off the press and my police escort. Alone at last!

Unknown to her pursuers, Diana was hiding a tragic secret. Under the terrific glare of the public spotlight the fragile Princess had begun to wilt. She was suffering from a rare skin condition known as celluloid, caused by over exposure of the legs to camera flash lights.

CHELSEA HARBOUR  
POSH GYM 3 TOFFS

The only cure was exercise, and so every day Diana headed to an exclusive Chelsea health club where she could work out in privacy, away from the prying eyes and lenses of the press.

I've had enough of this life on the run, constantly running and hiding from the press.

I've made my mind up. I'm going to cancel all my public duties, and I'm going to do it today!

Diana called her press secretary from the gym.

Cancel all my public engagements! Everything! I'm retiring from public life, starting from NOW!

Oh, and tell the picture editor at the News of the World I'll be using the dumbbells by the pool in about thirty minutes.

That's it love... let's see those eyes... perfect!

Turn this way a little DL... that's great!

Sky News DI. Can you give us a little sexy grunt as you lift your arm love?

The sparkle had gone from the Royal Relationship. Diana longed to be loved, but in bed Charles was moody and unresponsive.



The young Prince was given England captain Will Carling for his birthday, and Carling set about teaching the future king to play rugby. But the Prince was a reluctant pupil.



But for the sake of the children they tried to maintain normal family life.



But one day Will's second division TV presenter wife Julia caught the couple emerging from the changing rooms together.



But despite Will's denials, a special relationship was developing between the Princess and the dashing rugby hero. And as she left, Diana slipped her card into Carling's pocket.





Press speculation over the breakdown of the Royal marriage reached a crescendo and a special Royal summit was called behind closed doors at Buckingham Palace.

Gosh! Is that true? Will Carling? Lucky cow!

Come on Eff, give her the benefit of the doubt.

It's his own fault. I told the stupid bugger, marry a nice Greek girl. Or a German perhaps. But oh no, never listens to a word I say.

I'm sick of all this gossip. It's dragging our name into the mire!

What is our name?

It's not like in my day. Women used to respect their husbands...specially if they were the king, like mine was.

Windsor, remember? You chose it.



A £15 million divorce settlement was precious little consolation for a girl whose only dream in life was to be the Queen, a dream which cruelly died on Friday, July 12th 1996, when the Royal divorce became final. Diana was devastated, her life lay in ruins. Meanwhile Charles was in high spirits...

Great news Camella darling. I've got my pink ticket!! I'll meet you under our tree in half an hour!

The Queen had decided enough was enough. Determined to end the gossip once and for all she headed straight for Kensington Palace for a showdown with the Waleses.

One is going to sort this out once and for all!

In an instant Diana's dream of Queendom was over.

Sorry dear, but you're getting divorced, and that's final. I've had enough.

Oh well, I guess that's that then.

I want all my crown jewels back by Friday. And from now on you'll just be plain Mrs Wales.

Charles' affair with Camella had been a well kept secret. Only Diana, the Queen, the press, the public, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and erm... a few trusted friends had known of their secret love. But now at last they could come out into the open.

Ha ha!! At last I can be your Tampon!!

CHARLIE + CAMILLA TRUE LOVE

Oh dear Big Ears. I don't know if I can fit those 'wings' of yours in!



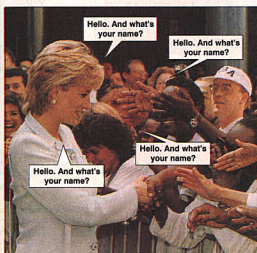
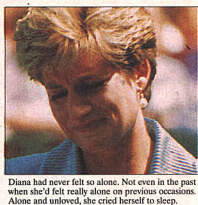
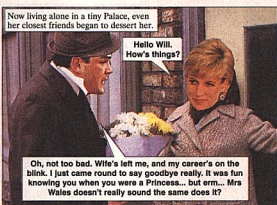
Charles celebrated the divorce with a holiday. As in the past, when Charles flew off on holiday he always travelled alone. Like his trip to Scotland a few years previously.



Travelling with their loyal nanny Tiggy 'Legs' Burke was a routine that the children had got used to.



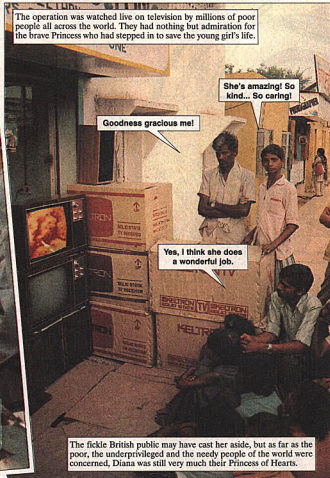
Meanwhile Charles had a bumpy landing at a Scottish airport...



One day Di was visiting a hospital when suddenly...



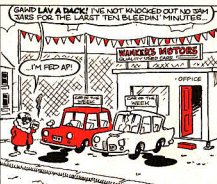
Without thinking Di stepped forward to help.



# COCKNEY WANKER



ORNIHAT DARLIN!



GAWD, YAV A BACK! I'VE NOT KNOCKED OUT NO SAM BARS FOR THE LARST TEN BLEEDIN' MINUTER!

...I'M FED AP!

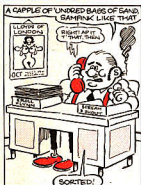


I FANCY A NARCE LITTLE BOOZER DAWN THE EAST END. I CAN SEE OUR NAMES ABOVE THE ROOF! OTHOR, WANKER AN' SWIRL!

...LICENSED TO SELL INTOXICATING LIQUORS, HA? LAVERLY STABBERLY!



SO... IS THAT WALFORD INSURANCE? WHAT? AP THE COVER ON ME CAR LOT, MY SAN! (WHY DO I HATE YOU?) ER, DUANO, ON MATCH DOES A NARCE LITTLE RAB-A-DAB COST?



SLURPIN OF LONDON

BRIGHT AP IT? THAT, THIN!

OCT 2000

WANKER

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KNOCKKNUCK! OH, AN CAN YOU SEND ME A CLAIM FORM GAST IN CASE THE FACIN' PLACE BURNS TO THE GRAAHV IN ABAHAT TEN MINUTES TIME?

YEH! NO TUMBLE!



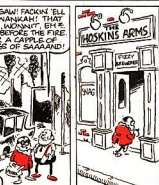
CHEERS, CHEEF! LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO GO. I THINK I CAN SMELL SMOKE!

PETRA!



HALF AN HOUR LATER... WAS A STUCK A LUCK, INCAHNT! EH? E APPIN YER COVER EAST BEFORE THE FIRE. EREH YER CHEQUE FOR A CUPLE OF GENTILES WOLF OF BAGS OF SALAND!

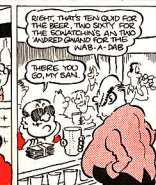
HEH! HEH! AAAAAHSONE!



SAW! FACKIN' TELL WANKER! THAT WAS A STUCK A LUCK, INCAHNT! EH? E APPIN YER COVER EAST BEFORE THE FIRE. EREH YER CHEQUE FOR A CUPLE OF GENTILES WOLF OF BAGS OF SALAND!

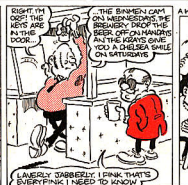


WOTCHA, JOHN! I'VE AVE A PINT OF FIZZY, A BAG OF PANK, SCATCHINS AND THE PUB!



RIGHT, THAT'S TEN QUID FOR THE BEER, TWO SIXTY FOR THE SCATCHINS AND TWO ANDRED QUID FOR THE WAB-A-DAB!

THERE YOU GO, MY SAN!



RIGHT, I'M OFF! THE KEYS ARE IN THE DOOR...

LAVERLY STABBERLY! I THINK THAT'S EVERYFINK I NEED TO KNOW!



A WEEK LATER... PINT-A APPLE FRITTER, CHEEF, AN A BAG-A NATS!



OVER ERE, CHEEF, PINT-A APPLE FRITTER AN A BAG-A NATS! Y'KNOW, SHIRL... I'M STILL NOT 'APPIN I'M NOT 'I'M BEGINNIN' T' REALISE IT WASN'T THIS CAR LOT THAT I WAS FISHED OFF WIV...



IT WAS THE ROUTINE - IT WAS LONDON! SAME OLD PEOPLE, SAME OLD FAC, I WANT T' SEE SAMFINK OF THE MOULD BEFORE I GET TOO OLD... SPEND A BIT OF TIME IN THE SAN!



I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS BLADDY WEVH... NON STOP MICHAEL CAINE ALL DAY...

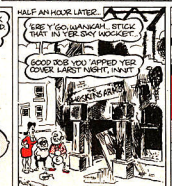


LET'S PACK AP AN GO TO SPAIN, SEE OW OTHER PEOPLE BROADEN OUR ORIZONS, WE NEED A CHANGE FROM ALL THIS!

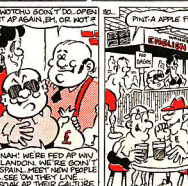
WOT? YOU MEAN SELL THE PUB, WANKER?



SLAP! DONT TANKU SCHTYBOORD! NEVER SELL THIS PLACE...



HALF AN HOUR LATER... 'ERE Y'GO, WANKER, STICK THAT IN YOE SKY WOCKET. GOOD JOB YOU 'APPED YER COVER LARST NIGHT, INNIT?



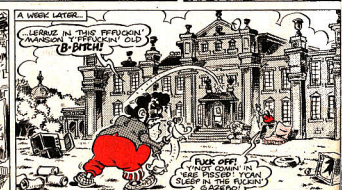
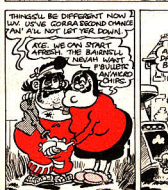
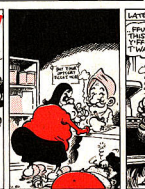
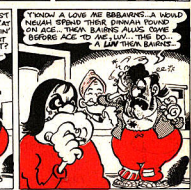
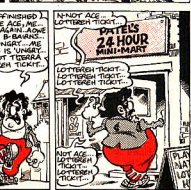
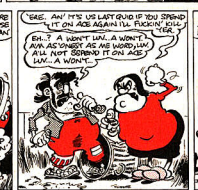
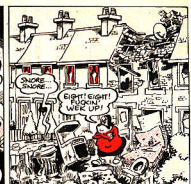
WOTCHA GON'T 'DO, OPEN IT AP AGAIN, EH, OR NOT?

NAH, WE'RE FED AP WIV LONDON. WE'RE GON'T SPAIN, MEET NEW PEOPLE, SEE OW THEY LIVE, SOAK AP THEIR CULTURE!



PINT-A APPLE FRITTER, CHEEF, AN A BAG-A NATS!





# VIZ

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# LETTERBOOKS

## Olympic shames

□ The 1996 Olympic Games in Atlanta were a disaster in terms of organisation. Transport arrangements were in turmoil, and we even heard of bus drivers getting lost on route to events. Surely this strengthens the case for Manchester staging a future Olympic Games. After all, the city already has a transport infrastructure fully geared to coping with large influxes of supporters visiting from far away.

James McHenry  
Bristol

□ What a con these Scotch Eggs are. I ate sixteen the other day and didn't feel slightly drunk. I doubt whether there's any whisky in these things at all.

U. Dockrat  
Marsworth

□ If my husband Gary Stewart is reading this issue of Viz in bed, as he usually does, will he please not giggle or laugh every few minutes as I'm trying to get to sleep. If he keeps me awake again I'll stick it in a shredder. And I don't mean the comic.

Garry's loving wife Sheila,  
Lightwater, Surrey

□ Hooray for British supermarkets. Despite being forced by the Brussels bureaucrats to sell milk by the half litre instead of the pint, they have bravely refused to bring the price down accordingly. So when we buy a fangled new "half litre" of Euro milk, we still pay the same price as a good old British pint. So what if we end up with slightly less milk? It's one in the eye for Brussels!

Colonel Blink  
Dundee

□ Surely if the budget for 'Stars In Their Eyes' was marginally increased they could hire the original artists to perform their hits badly, instead of getting a bunch of misguided amateur impressionists to do it for them.

Timothy Hamilton-  
Miller-Smith  
London SW18

Letterbooks  
P.O. Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT

□ Many actors enjoy a comeback in later life after their popularity has appeared to wane. Bette Davis in 'Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?' for example. Or Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn in 'On Golden Pond'. How nice to see our own Dame Thora Hird follow in the footsteps of those Hollywood greats by winning a new, young audience with her recent appearance in the Churchill's stair lift advertisement.

K. Cat  
Dundee



## That's us told

Please take this letter seriously. I have banned my son from buying your magazine. I find Viz insulting very rude to our royal family and famous people. If you must print dirty offensive and rude remarks and filthy pages of such dirt, I rather you all went on a Desert Island to print your magazine, and then it can all be sent down to the bottom of the sea. I have never in my 49 years seen such a filthy offensive dirty

## Britain's foremost forum for forthright four-letter debate

magazine. Take it to a far off land. There has been child murders and even pervers in this country, and your magazine is telling people to carry on, despite the murders. My son is 24 years old and he don't agree with me. I told him that no filthy dirty magazine should be published, and be so offensive to our royal family and famous people. I have always looked at books and magazines for my sons but never in this world of ours would I buy a dirty filthy magazine as your disgusting Viz. And I hope the House of Commons, the Prime Minister and the House of Lords will agree with me.

A mum of 2 sons  
Name & address withheld

## The Price is Shite

□ £1.50 for Viz?? Fuck off!!! I can get eight cans of Ace for £1.49. Which would you choose?

Chris  
Edinburgh

P.S. My wife winnie lettuce in. Hibs for the cup. Rangers scumbags.

□ How do the sceptics who say there's no evidence of the "paranormal" explain these people who frequently "appear" before magistrates? If we can't trust a magistrate, who can we believe?

John Simpson  
Weymouth

□ Here's another late entry for your Viz look-alike's competition. Mr Logic and Cockney Wanker standing side by side, as seen in our local newspaper.

Mr & Mrs Oosultyouyr  
Sittingbourne



□ When Cliff Richard's dad told him to be a bachelor boy, he didn't necessarily mean he had to stay in all the time and read The Bible. He could conceivably have wanted him to go out on the piss every night and shag loads of women.

Rowland Lee  
Nottingham

□ Enclosed is a picture of my balls. Please print it as it would give me great pleasure for them to appear on the Letterbooks page.

Nicholas England  
Peckham, SE15



□ At Eurostar's Waterloo station I spotted a sign saying 'No Trolley's Beyond This Point'. What a splendid marketing idea. I'm sure the sight of girls bending down to pick up their luggage with their fadges on show will encourage more people to use the service. Surely this little piece of puerile innuendo is worth a fiver?

C. T.  
London



I'm in the nick and I don't get many letters at all and I'm starting to get properly depressed. I'd like it if Viz could find me a pen pal. A woman aged 17 to 25 would be perfect. I'm a member of the Southampton Bad Boyz and my hobbies include rydin' it 100% 4 real. Yes yes trus me.

**Ray Sheen**  
H.M. Remand Centre,  
Reading

\* Ray is also a keen artist and enclosed a picture of himself wearing a large hat, expensive 'Nike' training shoes, and smoking drugs. You can all write to him at wing A1-20, H.M.Y.O.I., Forbury Road, Reading, Berks. RG1 3HY, quoting his name and number TJ0813.

## Kraut's beef beef

□ Apparently the krauts think the beef ban should be extended for several years until BSE has been eradicated. Who are we to argue? They are after all the past masters of eradicating anything genetically inherited which they don't particularly like the look of.

**Bill**  
STD area code 0494

## Big Wank

□ Speaking of Germany, I spent £80 on a ferry ticket, £200 on petrol and £13 on a cable car ride to buy this post card. What an achievement, eh? (Wanking that far, not buying the post card).

**Leon Manson**  
Canterbury



## Big fucker

□ I'm a student and consequently waste my time (and the tax payer's money) farting around in Europe all summer. It was there on the continent that I spotted this rude bus (right). Do I win £10?

**Alexandra Old**  
Leeds

I spotted this bus in Ireland. A diving special perhaps?

**Phil Logie**  
North Shields

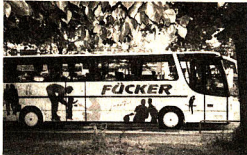


\* Typical. You wait 80 issues for a rude bus, then two come at once.

## Cock tale bar lifted

□ I just thought I'd let your readers know, its no longer necessary to "keep the lid" on my girlfriend's antics in Spain with Sheldon the barman. I am now fully aware of what went on. Doubtless your readers are all aware that he had the biggest cock she'd ever seen, was the best shag she'd ever had, and that they did it four times in one night. Cos every fucker else is! The cock slapping tart.

**Mr A. Moffat**  
Falkirk



□ I spotted Jimmy Hill in 'Ritzys' night club (Fat Slags, issue 79). Do I win anything?

**J. P. O'Rourke**  
Accrington, Lancs.



\* Yes. You win a Jaguar car plus a weekend in Florida dolphin fishing with Jimmy Hill and his lovely wife, Mrs Hill.

□ I am writing to prove what a pedantic, smug little twat I am. In Nobby's Piles (issue 79) Mrs Piles purports to be reading Tolstoy's 'War And Peace' while her husband's bum grapes fry in the midday sun. However the final phrase in the book which she reads, "The most powerful weapon of ignorance - the diffusion of printed material", is definitely NOT the end of 'War And Peace', which ends on a complex note of personal consciousness. Mrs Piles then starts the book again, but in a second crass blunder on your part she reads out the opening line from 'Anna Karenina', a novel written by Tolstoy between 1874-76 (six years after he had completed 'War And Peace'). As the majority of your readers will no doubt be aware, the opening of 'War And Peace' is in fact a conversation in July 1805 between Anna Pavlova Schever and Prince Vasili about Napoleon's annexation of two Italian territories (Genoa and Lucca).

**Simon Taylor**  
Bugbrooke, Northants.

□ My colleague Geoff Hawkins (issue 79) denies wanking over pictures of trolley buses. He is in fact right. It was a copy of 'Buses Extra' we caught him with in the cubicles. On the few remaining pages that were not stuck together there were pictures of ordinary buses, not trolley buses. My mistake Geoff.

**Bergie**  
New Haw, Surrey

Convenience foods are a ridiculous idea. Who could possibly be so busy that they have to eat whilst sitting on the lavatory

**R.R.**  
Nottingham

□ Regarding your competition to find the Manchester United fan who lives nearest to Old Trafford. I live in York, which is only 50 miles from Manchester. Unfortunately I don't support Man United. I support York City who shagged United 3-0 in the Coca Cola Cup last year.

**Garry Morris**  
York

□ I've been supporting Man United for a couple of years now and I am sick and tired of people taking the piss out of us. In the past ten years I've supported Blackburn, Leeds, Arsenal and Liverpool, and I never had any stick when I supported them.

**Billy Bandwagon**  
London

□ Regarding your Man United supporters competition. I support Man United, and I live right next to Wembley Stadium, which is rather handy for watching them. We don't see much of Newcastle down here though. Never mind. Do I win the can of Boddies?

**I.M.S**  
Wembley, Middlesex





☐ I am a die hard Man United fan and I live in the Borough of Greater Manchester. So called United fans like Gary Worthing of Fishguard (issue 79) should fuck off and support their local team instead of following the 'in crowd'.

Andy Cragg  
Rochdale, Lancs.

\* Believe it or not, Andy, Rochdale have a team of their own. They're called 'Rochdale', they play in Division Three, and you'll find their ground in Sandy Lane, Rochdale.

☐ Who gives a toss who lives nearest to Old Trafford. I went there in the 60s, 70s and 80s, before these lot jumped the bandwagon. I remember when they played for fun and wore real shirts not this ridiculous fashion parade that we see nowadays. Who wants to stand on the terraces dressed like a bunch of humbugs. Keep your can of Boddies. I prefer Gladiator Bitter, real ale brewed up there on Tyneside.

Steve Hill  
Leigh, Greater Manchester

☐ Still on the subject of Manchester (yo, large it up, born in the North, 061 state of the nation, etc.) I live three miles from Old Trafford, but don't support Man United. Funny enough Jason Orange lives just across the road from me, and I don't like 'Take That' either. Perhaps some clever reader could explain this in terms of inverse ratio elasticity proportions, or something.

Jim Loughran  
Manchester M15

☐ I live one mile from Old Trafford and support United along with most of the other 2.5 million people in Greater Manchester. If we attract support from all over the place its because we're the greatest team on Earth. Why not offer a bottle of Brown to any Newcastle fan who was supporting them six years ago? If you were proper fans you wouldn't cry every time you lose, you pathetic Georgie cunts.

John Dunne  
Chorton, Manchester

\* Well done John. You win. The can of Boddingtons will be on its way to you (as soon as we've finished pissing in it.)

## Naval pedant

☐ On your competition page (Viz 79) you accused me of selling the 'Belgrano' to the Argies, then sinking it. I might have sunk the twat, but I never sold it to the Argies. As your readers is doubtless aware, the 'Belgrano' was formerly the 'USS Phoenix', a United States Navy 'Brooklyn' class cruiser, and NOT a battleship. It was sold to the Argentine by the ham shanks in 1951. "Clapped out" it may have been, but it was still armed with 23 fucking great guns, all bigger than anything carried by the British Task Force. So stick that in your pipe and smoke it.

Lady Thatcher  
London

\* Thanks also to Mike Owen and Andrew Siviter who wrote making the same point.

## Channel hopping mad

☐ I write to complain about your 'Weekend in Caister' competition (issue 79), or more specifically your attitude to fans of 'Cult' television. I am a fan of these programmes and am neither a nerd or an anorak.

In fact I went out three times last month, and once I even spoke to a girl at the bus stop. Although all she said was "Fuck off". I would write more but BBC2 is showing an old episode of 'The Tomorrow People' this afternoon and that Chinese bird makes me shoot my load.

Tony 'Klingon' Osborne  
Greenhithe, Kent

## Blue beret grumble

☐ Cocky pedantic wanker Mark Bradley (issue 79) says the only blue berets worn in the British armed services are the dark blue worn by the Navy and the light blue of the RAF regiment. Bollocks. What about the really light blue ones worn by the Army Air Corps?

Sig. Richie Horan  
The Army

☐ For the benefit of the previous correspondent, and Mr Bradley (issue 79), the Army Air Corps berets are not "really light blue". They are SKY blue.

Kevin Showaddywaddy  
Enfield

☐ I don't wish to appear a cunt, but it is not just the RAF Regiment that wear a blue beret, it is the entire RAF. And the Army Air Corps wears neither a "really light blue" or a "sky blue" beret. The berets in question are powder blue.

J.P.

Op Resolute, BFPO 553

☐ No they aren't. They're LIGHT blue. I should know. I spent fifteen years in the Army Air Corps.

Simon Hammerschmidt  
Southfields

☐ Never mind light blue. DARK blue berets are worn not only by the RAF but also by the Royals Corps of Signals, Royal Engineers, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Trainee Royal Marines and Royal Logistical Corps.

J Troop  
British Army

P.S. Do we all win £5? There's ten of us.

\* No, cos there was a bomb scare near our offices recently and the Royal Logistics Corps arrived from Catterick wearing GREEN hats. (Incidentally it wasn't a bomb, it was a box of strawberries.)

☐ There are not six parachute regiments as stated by Mark Bradley in issue 79. There are seven, including '7 Para', Royal Horse Artillery. (And I'm looking for female pen friends by the way. Cheers).

William Hunter  
Stables, Thorny Island, 47  
Regiment RA,  
Baker Barracks, Emsworth,  
Hants. PO10 8DH

☐ Ah yes, but the 15th Battalion was amalgamated a few years ago and became 15 Company of the 4th Battalion. So that means there ARE six after all.

Phillip Lovegrove  
Edinburgh

"Shiny kettle, nice and hot, what back issues have we got?" (left)

"Lovely lady in a bra, the back issues remaining are..."

39 40 53 57 59 60  
61 62 63 64 65 66 67  
70 72 73 76 77 78

Phooor!! Aladdin, played by our principle bra and pants-on-me girl, is a babe who'd give any fella wood! She's warming up the kettle to make a '46 Double D' cup of tea! I'll have two lumps please! Those big one's at the front! Phew!! With parts like that this young actress would give any Jack a beanstalk, and turn fellas heads.. again... Dick Whittington... Or something like that. Oh yes she would! Anyway, if you want to buy any back issues circle the numbers above, then fill in the form and send it off, together with your money.

Overseas orders please pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. And overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far. So, for example, if its a tenner you simply add 50p. No, wait a minute. That's not right...

Tick, delete, speak clearly after the tone etc.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Ltd. or  
☐ I'm with the bank of Never Never Land. Please debit my plastic.

Card No.

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Your name and address

Post Code

Post this order form to: Viri Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavilions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol, BS12 0BG. For telephone credit card orders and enquiries call (01454 202515). (Make a note of the number below you cut out the form). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery. **VBI 81**

Continued...

□ Bollocks. 15 Para was not amalgamated into 4 Para. When 4 & 15 were amalgamated, they took the '4' from 4 Para, and the 'Para' from 15 Para to come up with an all new battalion called '4 Para'.

Mark Roberts  
Liss, Hants.

\* Thanks to the many others who wrote in to correct Mr Bradley, including Mr Bradley who wrote in to correct himself. If any other squaddies are in doubt about what colour their hats are, or what number Para they are, perhaps they could ask their commanding officer and keep us out of it. Thanks.

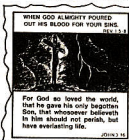
□ Hang on a minute. I hadn't finished. I also refer to a letter from Mr P.G. Jones (issue 79) regarding the legal implications of advice given by Gerry Marsden in his sixties hit 'Walk On'. He refers to the case of "Hedley Byrne versus Heller". Mr Jones has clearly been watching too much LA Law, as in English law we never use the term 'versus'. I should know, as I'm a law student, as well as a TA Paratrooper. (Not bad, considering I'm as thick as fuck and as soft as shit.)

Mark Roberts  
Liss, Hants.

## Happy clappy

□ I was extremely happy to read in issue 78 of your satirical magazine that two people (Messrs. W. E. Walker and Yarm man) were attempting to be serious with you. I cannot understand why any Christian readers actually read or purchase such diatribe that you "produce". How about a picture of you all having a good burn in Hell? I enclose some comics (which are better drawn than yours). Perhaps we could have a competition. Viz versus Church artists! But I don't want to give you too many ideas. So I'll stop.

Mr Ernie Ball  
Ponty Pool, Gwent



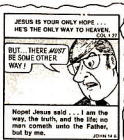
For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (JOHN 3:16)

\* Thanks Ernie. By putting your message in a cartoon form - a simple language that our misguided readers will understand - I'm sure you've got the Christian message across.

□ Fuck me. I'm from Gwent as well. Anyway, these southerners who right to your mag saying that northern birds are ugly don't know what they're on about. I'm Welsh, and therefore neutral, and I recently spent a weekend in Newcastle. All the clubs were stuffed with class fanny, especially that one on a big boat by the bridge. If you want ugly women, come to Wales, mate. It's full of sea monsters.

R.S.  
Machen, Gwent

□ I have been following the highly intellectual North versus South debate on these pages in recent issues. There is a similar debate in the United States. I live in New York which is in the north, and



BUT... THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY!

Nope! Jesus said... I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. (JOHN 14:6)

we hate southerners more than we hate foreign tourists (and we really hate foreign tourists). I visited England recently and in my opinion men from the north are better looking than men from the south, which is also the case in the States. And I should know, because I'm a gorgeous, sexy American bird like what you get on Baywatch and Charlie's Angels.

Rys Miller  
Brooklyn, New York

P.S. Your beer is better than ours, but why do you eat curry so much?

□ "The least said the soonest mended" or so my grandfather used to say. When my television broke down the other day I decided to follow this advice by ringing the TV repair company and saying nothing. Two months later my television set remains broken and I have heard nothing from the repair company. If nothing else this proves that my grandfather talked bollocks.

H. Rug  
Battersea

## Cunt Quickies

I offered Robbie Coltrane a copy of a fanzine I was selling in a pub in Newcastle ten years ago and he tore it in half and threw it over his head. Fat Scotch cunt.

A. Grieved  
Newcastle

MY dad called Willie Carson a cunt after he ran over his foot, splitting his shoe, at Redcar races in the 70s.

Rod Kirkbride  
Maryport, Cumbria

WE were enjoying a drink with Tarby and Brucey in the clubhouse after a pro celebrity golf tournament, until Ronnie Corbett came in and told the club stewards to clear the bar of all members of the public. Short arse cunt.

C. Porteous  
Stamford, Lincs.

I was 9 when The Goodies filmed 'Gunfight at the OK Tea Rooms' in St Just, Cornwall. When I asked my favourite Goodie Bill Oddie for an autograph he told me to piss off and tried to kick me up the arse.

S. Temple  
Bodmin



I was surprised to find Jeff Banks sitting in a room at Newcastle Polytechnic's Fashion Department. "Get out! Can't you see I'm examining", snapped the bobbling little cunt.

Angela D.  
Whitley Bay

I was in the Hacienda club in Manchester and that ginger cunt Mick Hucknall gave my girlfriend a snotty look cos she's got hairy armpits.

Dylan Sawdactor  
Sale

CHARLIE Drake is a pint sized cunt. I had him in my taxi years ago and he didn't give me much of a tip.

Steve Bilboa  
Lincoln

## A Touch of Wind

□ I once played a police man with one pathetic line in 'A Touch of Frost'. Throughout filming I had to put up with David "perfick" Jason's incessant belching. At one point he deliberately burped in a make-up girl's face as a joke. Flatulent cunt.

Jamie Soffor  
Leed



□ Your correspondent M. Young (issue 79) nominated Michael Crawford as a celebrity cunt because he allegedly got him the sack. As your readers are doubtless aware, in the performing arts industry the moments prior to curtain up are critical to the success of a show. If at that time the lazy twat was hanging around having a smoke and not in his correct position, he deserved the sack. I say Crawford is NOT a cunt.

Captain Funkysmeir  
Grantham

□ Andy McCluskey out of OMD, who already stands accused of being a wanker, is a cunt as well. Fifteen years ago at the London Apollo he greeted the audience by saying "Thanks for the slow hand clap, you patient shits!" He then treated us to his silly dance, but was a sulky bastard for the rest of the evening. (And I suspect he might have had a wank in the dressing room afterwards, but I can't prove it.)

Martin Tivern  
London SW3

I'm that elephant what Noel Edmonds had shot at his fuck awful TV theme park, and I reckon he's a cruel cunt.

That Elephant  
Heaven

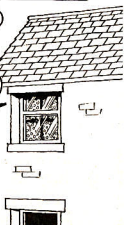
## Famous Sports Commentators Wanking on their Girlfriend's Tits No.64 Kenneth Wolstenhome

THERE'S SOME JIZZ ON THE TITS...

SHE THINKS  
IT'S ALL OVER...

EURGH!!

IT IS NOW!



# Cavalcade continues....

## Cheggers plays the cunt

When I was 12 I was on a kids TV programme broadcast from Carlisle castle. I was asked to dance while Toto Ceolo (a band who you don't hear much of nowadays) performed their hit single 'I eat cannibals'. I was dancing away, doing exactly as I'd been told, when suddenly the presenter Keith Chegwin appeared next to me and shouted "Move!" in an abrupt voice, gesturing with his thumb. I was really upset.



To be fair he was probably a pissed cunt at the time. I'm sure he wouldn't do a thing like that today.

M. McGladdery  
Gateshead

□ In the last issue a cheeky bitch called Marie Maynard said she'd spoken to Paul Weller twice and had decided he was a cunt. She gave no reasons for this instant judgment. Well, by the same token I've read her letter twice and decided she's a ignorant slapper who's talking out of her arse. Paul Weller is a top geezer.

Angela Hannah  
Catford, SE6

□ About six years ago I was in a tent in Morocco when I spotted John Leslie (off Blue Peter) and his then bird Catherine Zeta-Jones. Me and my mates couldn't keep our eyes off his darling buddy. He spotted us staring and came across. "I couldn't help notice you were looking at me", said the arrogant cunt before offering us his autograph!

K. Reid  
Northumberland

□ I agree with Tango Man (issue 78). Lewis Collins is cunt. He used to boast about his SAS exploits and all his mates in the Regiment. Well I served in D Squadron in the early eighties and I never heard or saw the poncey, pouting thespian. Hardest man on television? He wouldn't last a round with Julian Cuntling Clary. And my wife's got a picture of him judging a dancing competition in some crap holiday club she visited in Greece. It's yours for £50.

Vimto  
Address withheld

\* We could probably get Lewis Collins in person for fifty quid.

□ My dad says there is no longer a Professionals Fan Club and the picture you printed in issue 79 was taken in 1979. That makes the person who sent it in a conning cunt, and seriously undermines the case for Mr Collins' defence. I say he IS a cunt.

Cliff Smith  
Havant, Hants.

□ Lewis Collins used to live in an old ice cream at the back of the Birmingham Repertory theatre in the early seventies. I remember because it had 'Mr Cunt' written on the front.

A. J. Thrush  
Moseley, Birmingham



Cuntly and Doyle

□ My dad was called out to fix Lewis Collins' telly in the late seventies. Collins came to the door unshaven and wearing a white dressing gown, but despite having been dragged from his bed he was polite and civil, and even made me dad a cup of tea. It was rather milky, and had too much sugar in it, but making bad tea doesn't make him a cunt. Leave the man alone. He's a nice bloke. And incidentally, no, there weren't any sexy vixens hanging around the flat in skimpy night clothes.

Peter Kelly  
Felixstowe

## Southern Death Cunt

□ At a Sigué Sigué Sputnik gig in London I spotted Ian Astbury out off The Cult. I was a big fan cos I'd seen Southern Death Cult support Theatre of Hate and blow them off the stage. So I when I saw him I excitedly rushed over to shake his hand. But he said I couldn't, cos he had a cigarette in it. The smart arsed cunt. Come to think of it we were both cunts for going to see Sigué Sigué Sputnik.

Simon Bradbury  
St Albans, Herts.

□ I had a bit part in Spender during which I had to walk into school with Jimmy Nail's on-screen daughter. It was an unpaid part, so afterwards I decided to take a picture of Jimmy Nail as a souvenir. As soon as he saw my flash go off he said "Fuck off with that camera". Ugly cunt.

P.J.  
Gateshead

P.S. If the girl who played his daughter is reading this I fancy her something rotten. Could you get me her name and number?



## Crocodile cunt

□ I was working at a hotel in Northumberland when Jimmy Nail turned up to film an episode of Crocodile Boots of whatever he calls that dreadful programme. A few days beforehand a letter arrived confirming his visit, and asking staff if they would please refrain from looking at Mr Nail while he was on the premises. Stupid cunt.

Anne Eynon  
Hexham

\* Sorry Anne. That's makes him a fucking arsehole, not a stupid cunt.

## Hi! Sally's mum here...

Hello. Sally the Viz subs girl has gone on holiday so she's asked me, her mum, to sit in for her. I'm the older type - experienced and at the peak of my desire. I'm like Mrs Robinson in that film, and I want you to know that I'm available to you. But only if you subscribe to Viz. A year's supply (6 issues) only costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). A two year supply (12 issues) costs £18.00 (£24.80 overseas). I know you're young - you don't know what to do or say. But take my hand and I will chase the subscription-less boy in you away. Just fill in the form below and enclose a cheque or postal order for the correct amount. You won't regret it. You'll send me your money a boy, and receive your subscription a man.



Sally's mother  
\*\*\*

## FREE VIZ T SHIRT!

Every new subscriber will receive a FREE large or extra large Viz T shirt chosen at random from our heap of unsold T shirts. (Unfortunately Ravvy Day T shirts are not included.) Don't delay, subscribe today. You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6 per year (£7 overseas).

Dear Sally's experienced mum

Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

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Address.....

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(If you do not know your address, ask your postman, if he's ever at your).

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

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.....Post code.....

Sally's mum was wondering how you will be paying. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/

Card No. ....

Expiry date .....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally, Viz Subs, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol, BA12 0BR. And hey! The postage is on us, if posted in the UK.

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01454) 202515. (We regret this facility is not available to people who own a caravan or wear grey slip-on shoes).

## Hi! I'm an old mutton

Hi, I'm Sheila the sheep's mum. I've been around a bit, and consequently I'm a lot harder to catch than Sheila. There's a FREE back issue for every Australian subscriber (2 if you subscribe for 2 years). 6 issues cost £27, or £27.45. Write to Sheila's mum, 9 Palm Avenue, Bible Island, QLD 4107, Australia. Please make cheques payable to 'Forteen Times'.



☐ Please tick here if you would like a large amount of gold to be delivered to your house by naked, palpitating women, who then force their lithe, perky breastied young bodies upon you. (And you want us to flog your address to mail order companies left, right and centre.)

## A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello again. The shop's looking much tidier now. We've had a reef, new carpets, and I decided to move the fridge nearer the door, and put the sweets and crisps in racks along the wall. The papers are on a low shelf now instead of cluttering the counter. I'm sure trade will pick up as a result. Oh, did you know we're taking in dry cleaning now? Good idea eh? Hang on, here comes a customer. "Milk? No, sorry. We've sold out." Tsschi! Really. Expecting me to have milk at this time of day! Who's he kidding.

Continued...



□ I was moving some furniture out of our office when Janet Street Porter appeared and tried to push into the lift which was already full of furniture. Reluctantly she stood and waited for the lift to be emptied. When a young lad asked for her autograph she bared her frightening teeth and said "No, I'm already late for a meeting". Why not sign a bit of paper? She had to wait for the lift anyway. Scary toothed cunt.

Diana Innes  
London

## Marlborough light fingered

□ A few years back I was chatting in a Naples piazza chatting with my mate who had a job selling cigarettes when who should step out of a taxi but David Bowie and that bird who he's married to. I asked for his autograph and he grudgingly obliged, at the same time helping himself to a packet of twenty Marlborough. He then walked off without paying. I'll give him the benefit of the doubt and call him a forgetful cunt, but I had to pay for them. So if Dave is reading this, you owe me 4,000 lire (About twenty quid in today's sterling equivalent).

A. 'Nibby' Larossi  
Napoli, Italy



\* David Bowie can clear his name by sending Mr Larossi £20, and returning the cigarettes to the following address: A. Larossi, Via Enea 26, 80124 Bagnoli, Napoli, Italy.

□ I offered football star John Radford a drink when I saw him in a Bermuda bud during the 70s. And the boring Arsenal cunt told me to fuck off.

J.R.G.  
Kingston, Surrey

## Boomtown twat



□ In response to A. Napoc's letter (issue 79) nominating Paula Yates. I used to live just round the corner from her too, and its no wonder she had to go to a cricket ground to read her Sunday papers. Bob Geldof didn't employ a gardener. Instead he kept a load of sheep in the garden, and after a while they developed symptoms of malnutrition. The daft cunt probably didn't realise you need two acres of grass per animal to provide adequate grazing for sheep.

J. Lamberton  
Dunstable

## Brief encounter

□ My brother Dave is a postman in Devon and was awaiting a delivery of mail at Newton Abbott station when Danny La Rue swanned up to him and ordered him to shift two cases of girlie dresses across the bridge to the other platform. When Dave explained he was a postman rather than a porter, the cross-dressing cunt called my brother a "lazy bastard" and poned off with his nose in the air.

Tom R.  
Northampton

□ "I won't forget you when I'm famous" said Carlton Headly, alias Raider off Gladiators. Well, where are you now, eh Carlton? Living on the other side of London, and not answering your mobile phone. Cunt.

Your mates  
Wandsworth SW18

□ About 5 years ago I was directing traffic at the scene of a serious road accident on the M40 when Mike Reid pulled up in a black Peugeot 605. "What's all thisss?" he shouted. I told him to follow the diversion signs as there had been a serious accident and the motorway was blocked. "Don't give me all thatyatt! Don't you know who I am?" he shouted. My colleague and I were about to apologise on behalf of the accident casualties for having delayed his journey when he suddenly sped off, giving us the wanker sign. Nasty cunt.

A. Traffic-Policeman  
Herts.

## Plucking cunt

□ Throughout my teens I was an ardent fan of the Who's brilliant rock guitarist Pete Townsend. I even bought his solo LP 'Who Came First' in 1973. Then one magical day whilst visiting London I saw my hero Pete Townsend striding along Oxford Street, heading straight towards me. God! My heart was in my mouth, my legs turned to jelly as I sidled up to him with a hopeful, admiring smile on my face. And yes! He actually spoke to me. "Get out of my fucking way" he said.

J. Truscott  
Plymouth



## Fox cunt

□ Basil Brush is a cunt. When I was 3 my mum took me to see him live at the Sunderland Empire. During the show I got excited and shouted out "Basil, I'm here!" All the audience heard me and laughed. But the little fox cunt ignored me completely.

Nicola Purdom  
Durham

## You're a lady He's a cunt

□ At a theatre where I worked I was asked to prepare a sandwich for singer Peter Skellern, and the cunt turned his nose up at it. Twenty years later I'm still making sandwiches. Where is Peter Skellern nowadays, eh?

R. Ingram  
Leicester

□ I used to work at a 24 hour petrol station outside Bristol and there were times when I had to fight the celebrity cunts off with a stick. Jim Davidson



threatened to fill my face in one evening. Chris Searle of That's Life told me to "fuck off" simply because I said "Thank you, Mr Searle". And Pete Willis out of Def Leppard, who was pissed at the time, got shirty when I told him his Access card had expired. But they weren't all cunts. Tony 'Baldrick' Robinson was a regular customer and he was a really nice guy and a joy to flog petrol to.

Jon Wisbey  
Brislington, Bristol

□ I detect a slight bias against women in your organ. Why use words like cunt and twat to describe men? What about prick, or dickhead, etc. etc. Come on. Fair's fair.

A grandmother of three  
Lewisham

\* Daft bint.

□ I took my bird for a dirty weekend in Lowestoft and we met Emyln Hughes and Willy Thorne. Surprisingly Willie Thorne, who looks like a cunt, turned out to be a twat and Emyln Hughes, who looks like a tosser, was just a bell-end.

Simon Nielson  
Wirral, Merseyside

## Cunt Quickies

I was working in a well known chemists in Manchester and that Richard Madeley came in and ~~he~~ bought loads of classical music CDs. Tasteless cunt.

Ms Mazza Smith  
Tottenham

WHILE working in Bahrain in the 70s I went to see Nottingham Forest play a friendly against the Bahrain national side. "Fuck off out of it" said Brian Clough as I went to sit next to him in the ground. Unfriendly cunt.

P. McCullough  
Barrow-in-Furness

JOE Strummer out of The Clash called me a "fucking pratt" as I was walking into Leeds University to see him play in 1977. Cockney cunt.

Mike Redshaw  
Norwich



MY dad had to clean up Richard O'Sullivan's puke after he bowked up at a posh golf club in Berkshire. And the cunt never even said thank you.

Davey 'Ravey' Rippon  
Dover, Kent

ENGLAND rugby star Dean Richards was a cunt at school. He went around hitting boys whenever they other little sod, Craig Brandist, told him to.

Arthur Frampton  
Hinckley

KATHY Tate out of Emmerdale threatened to have us bounced out of the 'Acapalco' nightclub in Halifax after we asked for her autograph. Stropy cunt.

Kevin Sweeney  
Halifax

ACTRESS Kate Beckinsale once went out with a mate of mine and bought him a car. Then she dumped him, and asked for the car back. Tight cunt.

Charlie Skelton  
Camberwell

BEFORE attempting to remove stubborn stains from a garment always circle the stain in permanent marker pen so that when you remove the garment from the washing machine you can easily locate the area of the stain and check that it has gone.

Miss E. Williams  
Solihull

GIVE Viz that 'Pulp Fiction' feel by reading the last frames of cartoons first, then reading the rest in a random order.

A. Hulme  
Rochdale

TRAFFIC cops. Don't waste time and money installing video cameras in your cars. Install them in the front and rear windows of all Volvo 340s and Maestros driven by old age pensioners. That way all the accidents which the doddering old fogies cause will be recorded on tape.

Andrew Davies  
Yarm, Smoggiealand

HIGH blood pressure sufferers. Simply cut yourself and bleed for while, thus reducing the pressure in your veins.

N. Rodwell  
Herne Bay, Kent

INTERNET users. Save yourself a lot of time and money by simply ringing a public call box and waiting for some sad bastard to walk by with nothing better to do than answer it.

S. Hope  
Long Eaton

OLYMPIC athletes. Conceal the fact that you have taken performance enhancing drugs by simply running a little bit slower and letting someone else win.

A. Plasticman  
London

AVOID drink driving by freezing beer in an ice maker, then eating it.

Urnial Dockrat  
Marsworth, Bucks

LORRY drivers. Keep your indicator on for half an hour after each manoeuvre in order to keep us car drivers on our toes.

S. Macreary  
Hollingworth

HEAVY smokers. Don't throw away those filters from the end of your cigarettes. Save them up and within a few years you'll have enough to insulate your loft.

Mr J. Hedley  
Choppington,  
Northumberland

DOG owners. Give passers by the impression that your dog is well trained by ordering it to do whatever it happens to be doing already.

J. Kay  
Elem, N.P.

ROAD rage drivers. Settle your dispute honourably by removing your car aerials and having a fencing duel. The aerials will retract if they hit a solid object, thus preventing serious injury.

Pete Doolan  
Yeovil

MOTORISTS. Enjoy the freedom of cycling by removing your windscreen, sticking half a melon skin on your head, then jumping red lights and driving the wrong way up one way streets.

Maurice Traveller  
Brentford

HOUSEWIVES. Brighten up Mondays by coating your kitchen floor with 'Quavers' in order to recreate the sound of walking through virgin snow whilst preparing the tea.

Mrs T.  
Thropton

# TOP TIPs

Weigh in your words of wisdom. We pay £10 CASH plus a unique, 'Top Tips' pen. ('Unique' in that we only had 1,000 made.) Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

SAVE McDONALDS advertising agency the trouble of flicking through Viz to get their ideas by sending your Top Tips direct to them. Experience suggests that the Sloan wankers don't actually pay, but send them your ideas anyway. Write to Leo Burnett Limited, 60 Sloane Avenue, London SW3 3XB. Or you can offer them your tips down the phone on 0171 591 9100.

A. Grieved  
Newcastle

CREATE instant designer stubble by sucking a magnet and dipping your chin in a bowl of iron filings.

B. Vilbans  
Birmingham

X FILE fans. Create the effect of being abducted by aliens by drinking two bottles of vodka. You'll invariably wake up in a strange place the following morning, having had your memory mysteriously 'erased'.

Sam Neffendorf  
Weybridge

WHEELCHAIR basketball coaches. Miss out Lourdes from any forthcoming European tours in order to avoid losing your star players.

G. Hogg  
Hamilton, Lanarkshire

BRITISH Rail or whatever the fuck your called nowadays. Run football specials from Manchester to London after Man United home games. Stock up the buffet with jellied eels and get the ticket inspector to sing Chas and Dave songs.

Gordon Frenchpolish  
Tufnell Park innit,  
Lahndan N19

A SHEET of sand paper makes a cheap and effective substitute for costly maps when visiting the Sahara desert.

A. T. Loveday  
Ramsgate, Kent

TOBLERONE chocolate bars make ideal 'toast racks' for Ritz crackers.

Max China  
Kendal

CAR tyres painted white and wrapped in green tarpaulin sheets make ideal packets of Polos for short sighted giants.

E.E.Gee  
Aitchaye

CONVINCE neighbours that you have invented a 'shrinking' device by ruffling your hair, wearing a white laboratory coat, and parking a JCB digger outside your house for a few days. Then dim and flicker the lights in your house during the night and replace the JCB, unseeing with a Tonka toy of the same description. Watch their faces the next morning!

Prof. J. Francis  
Rhondda

GENTLEMEN. Never smoke a cigar larger than your penis as this may invite witticisms from former partners.

John Butler  
Liverpool L17

SAVE cash on gift shopping this Christmas by getting locked in prison. It's great, and you can take drugs and have a wank all well.

KM 3115 'Clem'  
Anderson  
HMP Lancaster

## Famous Sports Commentators Wanking on their Girlfriend's Tits No.66 Murray Walker

OH MY WORD...  
HE'S OUT OF CONTROL!

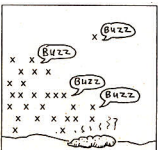
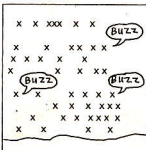
EURGH!!

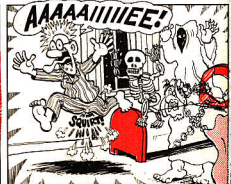
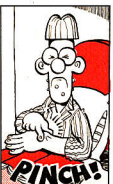
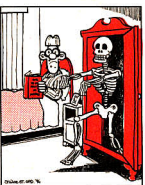
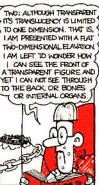
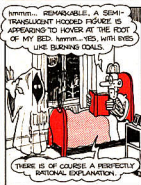
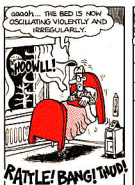
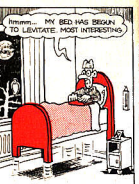
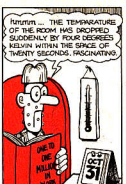
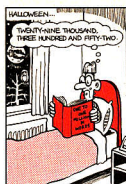
AND THERE!!

GOES!

MY!

JISM!







Note to  
Corynriter -  
Humorous Stripline  
required.

THAT'S A LITTLE TYPE AT THE BOTTOM IT SAYS "JIMBLE GALE, HERE'S EVERYBODY! THEY'LL ALL BE THERE - C-2's, C-3's, DINKIES, YUPPIES, BOOMERS, GEN X'S, ETC."

WHAT'S THAT?

CARTOONISTS ARE THE ONLY TYPE OF PEOPLE WHO CAN AFFORD TO BE A LITTLE BIT OF A JIMBLE GALE.

Panel 1: A boy with glasses and a red shirt is shouting "I THINK IT CAN BE USED, LET'S SEE! NO, THERE ARE VERBS, YOU SEE..." and "YOU GOT TO POWER COPY WITH VERBS". He is holding a paper with "FWITT! FWITT! FWITT!" written on it.

Panel 2: A girl is responding, "LISTEN, MUM, I'M INTERESTED IN I'M GOING TO BE A MAN ONED TO BE A CANAL" and "BUT, I JUST WANT YOU TO..."

I DON'T THINK THE VEGAN DRESS LIKE THAT, DICKIE. ANY MORE THAN WE'RE ONLY EXPECTING OLD FOLK. WE'VE GOT TO BE RESPONSIBLE AND BESSUTS CAN'T BE UP MY BUSINESS, CAN THEY?

WE GOT IT! A TEASER CAMPAIGN!

YES! WE'LL PUT GYPSY RICHES ON THE NOTICE BOARD! WE'LL MAKE THEMSELF BECOME AN ACTIVE ADVERT THAT'S WHAT ABOUT!

DEFINITELY THIS ACCOUNT MY TOP IDEAS HIT AWAY WE KNOWSTERN IT

HELLO? GILES PLEASE IT'S DICKIE BEASLEY

IS HER IC HER OH

I SEE. OKAY, CIAO

UP  
TER  
AND  
MEM  
OR  
ING  
G'S

BUT... BUT...

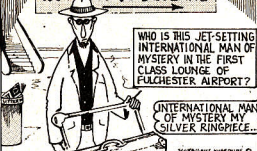
LEAVE IT TO ME, MUM. YOU'LL BE TURNING THEM AWAY AT THE DOOR.

BUT...

TRUST ME... AT BEASLEY, BEASLEY AND BEASLEY GUTS IS A FOUR LETTER WORD.

CATCH YOU LATER!

# NOTHING TO DECLARE



WHO IS THIS JET-SETTING INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY IN THE FIRST CLASS LOUNGE OF FULCHESTER AIRPORT?

INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY MY SILVER RINGPIECE...

OH NO! IT CAN'T BE!

I RATHER THINK YOU'LL FIND IT IS YOU KNOW!



BLUE RUIN!

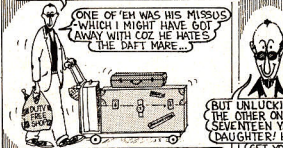
IT'S  
**PAUL WHICKER**  
THE  
TALL  
VICAR

GREETIN'S SHITNECKS!  
(LONG TIME NO SEE! I'VE BEEN SUNNING MY SKINNY ASS IN COLOMBIA FOR A COUPLA YEARS DOING... AH... 'MISSIONARY' AH... 'WORK'...)



DIRTY JOB LIKE, BUT THE CHOICE BOGOTA BABY POWDER HELPS KEEP ONE ON ONE'S FEET!

THAT BASTARD BISHOP BLOGGS SENT ME OFF WHEN HE FOUND ME ON THE NEST WITH TWO HOT BIRDS!



ONE OF 'EM WAS HIS MISSUS - WHICH I MIGHT HAVE GOT AWAY WITH COZ HE HATES THE DAFT MARE...

DID YOU PACK THIS BAG Y'SELF SIR?

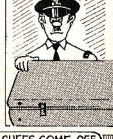


BUT UNLUCKILY FOR ME THE OTHER ONE WAS HIS SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD DAUGHTER! HEH-HEH!

CUSTOMS

NO! I GOT THE GHOST OF PABLO FUCKIN ESCOBAR TO DO IT FOR ME, YOU SOFT GET!

NO NEED FOR THAT KIND OF ATTITUDE SIR!



ATTITUDE? YOU AINT HEARD NOWNT YET! FUCKDUST! AND GET YER NOSE OUT O' ME BAG 'AN ALL ADOLF!



GOOD GRIEF!

I'VE NEVER SEEN QUITE SO MUCH COCAINE IN MY LIFE!!

AND...



(GET YOUR FILTHY MITTS OFF ME! YOU DICKWEED! I'M A MAN OF THE BLEEDIN' CLOTH! I'LL GIVE YOU A FOURPENNY ONE UP THE BRACKET!)

YOU'RE NICKED TINKERBELL!

(WAIT TILL THESE CUFFS COME OFF, Y'FAT FUCK! I'LL RIP YER 'NADS OFF AN' RAM 'EM UP YER CHUFF! THIS WAY, HAPPY-BRAINS...)



ARSE!

SHITE!

FUCK!

SIR! ACCORDING TO HIS PASSPORT, THIS IS THE REV. P. WHICKER WHO WAS IN POSSESSION OF A LARGE QUANTITY OF COCAINE AND EXCESS DUTY-FREE, SIR!



(WELL DONE OFFICER! LEAVE THIS VILE MISCREANT TO ME! I'LL THROW THE BOOK AT HIM!)

TOSS!

BUT...

WELCOME HOME PAUL! FIFTY-FIFTY ON THE CHARLIE WASN'T IT?



(GOOD TO BE BACK FRED! HALFERS IT IS!)

I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO OUT TH'BACK!

LATER...



(THERE Y'GO P.W.! TWENTY K. AS AGREED!)

SWIFT!

JUDGE YE NOT A MAN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS READER, HE'S PROBABLY MUCH MUCH WORSE THAN THEM ANYWAY!



MEDELLIN MAY HAVE ITS BENEFITS, BUT THERE'S NOWT LIKE A PINT AND A LARGE MALT!



CHEERS!

FOLLOWING A PLURALITY OF PINTS...



WIMPE!

HWOARGH!

URP!

GUP!

SPLOO!

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I ONLY EVER SEEM TO GET ALCOHOL ON A TEMPORARY LOAN BASIS!

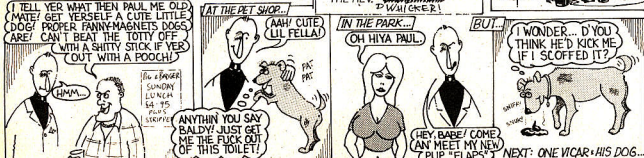
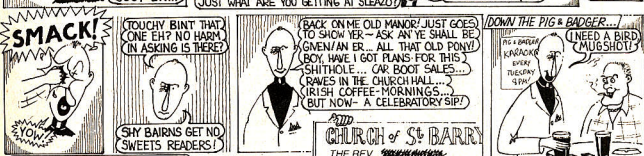
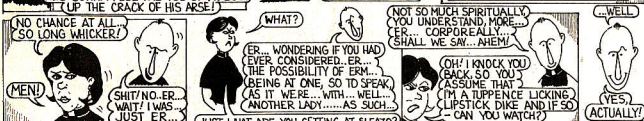


OUR HERO TRIES TO FIND A PLACE TO FLOP...

A LARGE POSH ROOM AND AN ASSISTED SHOWER MATE... OH AN' SEND UP A BOTTLE OF ROCK'N'ROLL MOUTHWASH!!



WELL REALLY! I'M AFRAID SIR, THE FULCHESTER HILTON DOES NOT PROVIDE SUCH SERVICES!

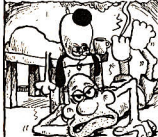




# NICK PARKER'S GRIMACE AND VOMIT.



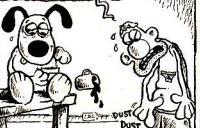
OH DEAR, VOMIT. - A FEW TOO MANY RED STRIPES BEFORE YOU SET THE MACHINE LAST NIGHT?



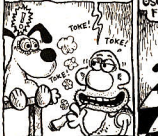
WELL, TIME TO CHECK ON THE NEW INVENTION, VOMIT. IF WE DON'T SELL IT TODAY WE'RE WELL AND TRULY SCUPPERED...



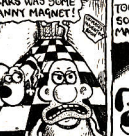
WE'VE BEEN BROKE EVER SINCE WE STOPPED DOING THESE ANIMATIONS... CLICK, MOVE, TINY BAT, CLICK, MOVE A TINY BIT, BLOODY STOP FRAME PHOTOGRAPHY!



HARDLY SURPRISING THAT I HAD THAT NERVOUS BREAK DOWN REALLY IS IT, CHUCK?



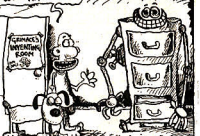
THE BABE ACTIONS NOT BEEN THE SAME SINCE THESE DAYS EITHER. TWO OSCARS WAS SOME FANNY MAGNET!



IT'S BEEN EIGHTEEN MONTHS SINCE I HAD A SHAG - HELL, IT WASN'T EVEN THAT! I TOLD HER - 'OF COURSE IT'S SOFT AND FLOPPY, I'M MADE OF FUCKING PLASTICINE!'



HERE WE ARE - THE GRIMACE FILE-O-MATIC™. SOON EVERY OFFICE WILL HAVE ONE!



LOAD IT ONTO THE BIKE, VOMIT - THE MEETING'S IN HALF AN HOUR.



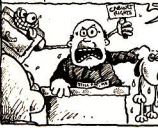
...AND SO I GIVE YOU THE FILE-O-MATIC™ - A GAS-POWERED FILING CABINET WHICH STORES ALL YOUR PAPERS AND RETRIEVES THEM FOR YOU IN A COMICALLY HAPHAZARD FASHION WHEN YOU USE THIS COMPLEX AND OBSCURE SET OF LEVERS JUST HERE.



ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE.



IF PEOPLE WANT SOMETHING TO COOK UP THEIR FILING FOR THEM THESE DAYS THEY'LL GET A COMPUTER - FACE IT, GRIMACE, YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP. NOW STOP WASTING MY TIME AND GET OUT.



DAMN! NO INVENTION, NO SALE, NOT EVEN THE FINEST CHANCE OF ANY BABE ACTION - WANT A WANK DAY!

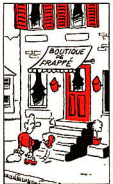
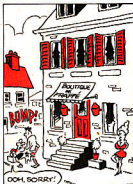
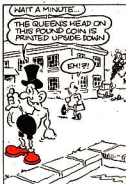
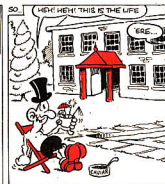
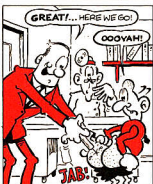


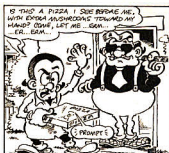
BUT OF COURSE! THAT'S IT! TODAY HASN'T BEEN A TOTAL WASTE OF TIME AFTER ALL!



# SPAWNY GET

WELL I'M SORRY, MR. GET, BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT: YOU'VE GOT POODYOTOMA OF THE GLOMERULUS... IT'S VERY RARE AND ALWAYS FATAL.





IS IT A BIG PART?

THE BIGGEST, LOVING, THE



WHAT ABOUT THIS? IT'S A SPEAKING PART - THE BUTLER IN 'LORD BROKENBURY'S HAT.' THEY'RE READING THROUGH TOMORROW.



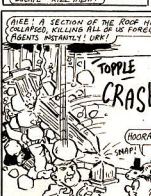
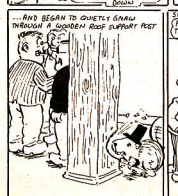
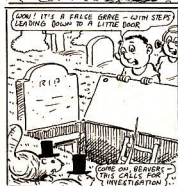
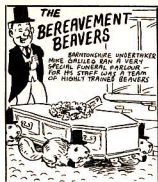
...BLAH... BLAH... BLAH...  
BLAH BLAH... "YES!"



... "YOUR HAT, KID." ... THEN  
BLACKOUT... SILENCE - AND THEN A  
TUMULT OF WILD APPLAUSE - THE  
CROWD WEEP LIKE BABIES! IT'S  
A TRIUMPH!







# BAXTER BASICS

M.P.



HELLO AND WELCOME TO BY-ELECTION SPECIAL - WITH RESULTS AND ANALYSIS FROM TODAY'S SAUSAGEBURY BY-ELECTION. SAUSAGEBURY HAS BEEN A SAFE TORY SEAT ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE DOMESDAY BOOK - AND SIR GEORGE ELEPHANT - WHOSE RECENT DEATH LED TO THIS BY-ELECTION - WAS RETAINED IN 1992 WITH A MAJORITY OF OVER 46,000 VOTES.

WITH US TONIGHT WE HAVE AS USUAL A PANEL OF SPOKESMEN FROM THE MAJOR PARTIES. BAXTER BASICS - HOW ARE THE CONSERVATIVES HOPEING TO DO TONIGHT?

WELL DAVID- OBVIOUSLY WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR OUR CANDIDATE TO  
BE RETURNED WITH A VERY  
COMFORTABLE MAJORITY IN A  
SAFE SEAT SUCH AS THIS...

ONE TWO... ONE TWO...  
BRAP! BRAP! HELLO  
ONE TWOOOOOOOO...  
I... AS DAY APPOINTED BLAH  
BLAH... DECLARE THAT THE  
VOTES CAST WAS AS FOLLOWS.

AND NOW I THINK - YES - WE CAN GO STRAIGHT OVER TO SAUSAGEBURY TOWN HALL FOR THE RESULT.



CLARESSA SHORTBREAD - LABOUR -  
FIFTY-SIX THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED  
AND SEVENTY-SEVEN...  
RAWING LORD SKINT - TIRED OLD SCOT  
PARTY - ELEVEN...  
GENERAL SILVERPODDEN BATT-ENERS  
CONSERVATIVE - ONE VOTE... AND  
THAT WAS HIMSELF

SO, BAXTER BASICS - OBVIOUSLY A TERRIBLE RESULT FOR THE GOVERNMENT

NO NO NO NOT AT ALL. THIS IS  
TYPICAL MID-TERM BY-ELECTION  
RESULT IN A MARGINAL SEAT  
SUCH AS THIS. I ~~THINK~~

27 NOV

IT'S ACTUALLY A VERY GOOD RESULT AND I THINK THAT LABOUR WILL BE WONDERING WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THEIR VOTE COUNTING TO THE EXTENT

BUT MR. BASOG - YOUR CANDIDATE ONLY  
RECEIVED ONE VOTE - YOUR HUGE MAJOR  
HAS BEEN OVERTURNED!

WHAT YOU MUST REMEMBER IS THAT MANY TRADITIONAL CONSERVATIVE VOTERS WILL HAVE STAYED AT HOME DUE TO THE HIGH VOTING COUNT.

PERHAPS THEY HAVE RELATIVE  
VISITING FROM FOREIGN COUNTRY  
PUNCTURED CAR TYRES... I

2

MANLY VOTERS WILL HAVE  
LEFT THE HOUSE INTENDING  
TO VOTE CONSERVATIVE  
AND THEN REMEMBERED  
THAT THEY'D LEFT THE  
KITCHEN ON.

IT'S EASY TO DO, AND CAN ARTIFICIALLY DISTORT THE RESULT WITH SUCH A LOW TURNOUT.

IT'S EASY TO BANDY  
FIGURES ABOUT MR.  
DIMMERSWITCH.



WHAT YOU MUST REMEMBER IS, THAT OF OUR VOTE - ONE HUNDRED PERCENT OF EVERYONE WHO VOTED CONSERVATIVE, VOTED FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE - ONE HUNDRED PERCENT!

NONSENSE! THE REAL REASON -  
AND BYTER BASICS KNOWS IT -  
THAT THE TORRES HAVE FARED  
SO BADLY THIS EVENING IS THAT  
THEIR CANDIDATE RECENTLY RAN  
OVER A SMALL CHILD WHILEST  
DRUNK -

THAT'S A VALID POINT - AND I DO NOT INTEND TO DODGE THE ISSUE. BUT WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THIS - I THINK WE ALL REMEMBER THE WINTER OF DISCONTENT, RUBBISH PILING UP IN THE STREETS, BODIES GOING UNBURIED...ER.. ROCKETING INFLATION, PENS HEAVY GOING CAP-IN-HAND TO THE IMF...

PLEASE MR LIGHTBULBHEAD  
I'VE GIVEN YOU THE COURTESY  
OF ALLOWING ME TO START  
SO PLEASE GIVE ME THE  
COURTESY OF ALLOWING  
ME TO FINISH...

STAY

BUT HE KNOCKED...  
IF I MIGHT...

((BUT BUT BUT...))  
((I MIGHT JUST...))

MIGHT JUST BE  
WED TO DROWN  
YOU OUT...

I MUST STOP YOU BOTH THERE, BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO COME TO THE ISSUE OF WHAT EFFECT THE 'TORIES' LATEST 'DEMUNISATION' ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN MAY HAVE HAD ON THEIR FORTUNES HERE TONIGHT...

YES, WELL, ITS CLEARLY A BACKLASH  
THE TORIES HAVE MISJUDGED THE  
PUBLIC'S MOOD - AND THEY'VE BEEN  
SHOWN UP FOR WHAT THEY ARE - A  
PARTY WHOSE ONLY POLICY IS INSUL  
(AND LIES)

WELL - THAT'S RICH, ISN'T IT,  
COMING FROM YOU, A FAT  
GINGER BASTARD WITH A  
CRIMINAL RECORD  
FOR KIDNAPING - DRAWING...

SH.  
E N  
A  
SUES  
IS

I'M SORRY - BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP  
YOU THERE - I'M AFRAID WE'VE  
RUN OUT OF TIME.

WHO DO I HAVE TO  
SEE TO GET MY MONEY?



THE NEXT DAY...

WELL, MISS FITZBIN. POOR OLD BATT-EARES, EH?

YES, MR. BASICS...  
WE CERTAINLY GOT  
GO SOME TO LOSE A  
SOCIETY LIKE THAT.  
CENTRAL OFFICE SHOULD  
NE HAD THEIR SPIN  
DOCTORS DIGGING UP  
THE DIRT ABOUT  
THAT TODDLER.

CHRIST I'M IN  
AFB SEAT.

COME BACK FROM YOUR  
CONSTITUENCY - AND IT  
APPEARS THAT NOBODY  
AT ALL IS GOING TO  
VOTE FOR YOU AT THE  
NEXT ELECTION.

IM AFRAID SO. AND YOU CAN'T  
EVEN VOTE FOR YOURSELF -  
BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIVE THERE.

GOOD EVENING. TONIGHT'S MAIN STORY IS THE SHOCK DEFECTION OF A PROMINENT CONSERVATIVE BACK-BENCHER TO THE LABOUR PARTY. BAXTER BASICS - THE MAN WHO MASTERMINDS THE SO-CALLED "DEMON EYES" POSTER CAMPAIGN, HAS UNEXPECTEDLY ANNOUNCED THAT HE INTENDS TO STAND AS A LABOUR CANDIDATE IN THE NEXT ELECTION...

WE'D LIKE TO WELCOME BATEA BACK TO THE LABOUR PARTY, WHERE HE HAS ALREADY MADE A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO OUR OWN PRE-ELECTION ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN WHERE - IN CONTRAST TO THE DEBATING PARTY - WE WILL BE CONCENTRATING ON POLICIES, NOT PERSONALITIES.

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a medal, holding a sign that reads "JOHN MAJOR TALKS LIKE A CUNT". The man is wearing a medal with a crown on it. The sign is held up by a hand. The background is dark.

# Ready, steady, GHOST!

**THE Paranormal Olympic Games are to be held in Limbo in the year 2002.**

Within hours of the announcement shops and businesses in the state, which exists somewhere between Heaven and Hell, were looking forward to the prospect of an economic boom which the money spinning spirit games will guarantee.

## Souls

Over five million souls are expected to watch the games, in which ghosts, poltergeists and other supernatural entities from all over the world compete for medals. Events include the severed head put, wall walking, chain dragging and the 100 metre lurch through a cemetery. An estimated 80 million spirits around the world will watch the events telepathically.

## Limbo

Limbo's success comes as a blow to Shangri La which had been confident of hosting the prestigious event for the first time. Limbo has already staged the games once, in 1968, and that occasion Russia were accused of cheating after murdering several of their top athletes and not allowing their souls to rest in order to gain qualification to the event.

## Samba

Geographical disadvantages are thought to have swayed the Committee's final decision. Shangri La -

a wonderful place of true perfection - would have proven popular among spectators and athletes alike. But there would have been problems with transport. Thought to be in Nepal, the only way to get to Shangri La is by climbing through high mountains. According to legend an avalanche then occurs and an icy cave appears leading to the mythical place.

## Lambda

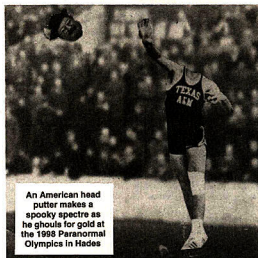
Other disappointed delegations included representatives of Nirvana, the state of utter bliss where people no longer require their bodies. Olympic chiefs feared that out-of-body competitions would reduce the incentive for athletes to train. Photo finishes would also have been difficult to decide.

## Lumbago

Eldorado, with its slogan 'the lost city of gold', had been favourites among the early bidders. Its high profile campaign to host the games was supported by many big names including W.G. Grace, Charlie Chaplin and Martin Luther King. However its whereabouts are unknown and the Committee was unable to visit it to check the facilities on offer.

Disappointed Norwegian delegates from Valhalla were already talking opti-

## Ghosts going for ghould, shiver and bronzergeist in paranormal games



An American head putter makes a spooky spectre as he ghoults for gold at the 1998 Paranormal Olympics in Hades

mistically about their chances of staging the 2006 games. Facilities in the mythical Hall of the Viking Kings are second to none. However problems over qualification for events have yet to be resolved. As the legends stand only athletes who died in battle with a sword in their hand could qualify for the final stages in the mythical Hall itself.

The Committee were keen to avoid any such problems, particularly in the wake of the 1994 fiasco in Hades, the Greek Hell, where competitors were forced to queue for hours with coins in their mouths waiting for a ferryman to take them across the river Styx. Many turned up late for their events and were disqualified as a result.



**AFRICA:** Tools worth £25 have been reported stolen from a shed in Adis Ababa, Ethiopia. Meanwhile, during thieves in Bosaso, Somalia, climbed a five foot fence before making off with tins of paint worth £50. Police believe the dare devil raid on the Ututu Farm Stores compound on the outskirts of the town was carried out by two men.

**SOUTH AMERICA:** A Peru man has been fined 15 int'l (about £75) after his dog fouled the pavement. Juan Almeres Benavides, a 52 year old carpenter, was given two months to pay the fine by the court in Moyobamba.

**USA:** New York police couldn't believe their eyes when they arrived to investigate a burglar alarm sounding in the Greenwich Village area of the city. Vandals had used stones to break a window at the rear of a warehouse, and daubed graffiti on a nearby wall.

**CHINA:** Police in the Shandong province are investigating the theft of vegetables from an allotment in the town of Jinan. Among the vegetables stolen were some onions.



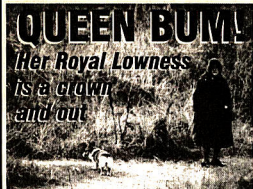
## Kit-e-Mince

**DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON EXPENSIVE DOGFOOD!**  
Feed your dog the way NATURE intended...  
2 minced cats a day provide your dog with everything he needs to keep him in tip-top condition - with healthy teeth and bones; a glossy coat and a shiny nose.

**£39.99**  
From shops

Larger dogs may require more minced cats.





**QUEEN BUM!**  
*Her Royal Lowness  
is a crown  
and out*

ONCE she was the Queen of England. Bedecked in jewels and dressed in lavish gowns, red carpets unfurled beneath her every foot. But now she wanders alone in a public park, huddled in rags, her only companion a mangey dog.

### Runcible

There was a time when she lived a life of luxury and splendour, dining on swans and caviar, and slices of quince which she ate with a runcible spoon. Crowds flocked in their thousands to see her changing the guards at Buckingham Palace. But nowadays she prefers liquidised vegetable soup, and even her relatives avoid her as the Queen Mother seldom changes her clothing. In her heyday she was everyone's favourite Royal. But now she whiles away the hours at the Clarence House care home in central London, just another muddled pensioner waiting for the grave.

### Crucible

Neighbours of the 98 year old fear for the health of the former Queen. She can often be seen wandering aimlessly in the local parks, and has trouble remembering who she is. On one occasion she was found singing in a bus shelter and told police officers she was Gracie Fields. Police and park wardens regularly round the old dear up and hand her back to nursing home staff. A Buckingham Palace source yesterday denied the Queen Mother was suffering from Alzheimer's disease or any similar marble mislaying illness.



# Pensioner's nightmare ends in amputation

CONSUMER watchdogs are warning old folk to be on their guard after a frail Yorkshire pensioner allowed artificial leg salesmen to cut off both of his legs.

Eighty-six year old Wilfred Barker - a veteran of two world wars - was subjected to over ten hours of high pressure sales pitching after two men turned up uninvited at his Barnsley home at 2 o'clock in the morning.

## Leg salesmen got their feet in the door

### Raining

"I invited them in because it was raining and made them a cup of tea. After a while, when I realised they were selling legs, I told them I'd already got some. But they said there was no obligation for me to buy and they just wanted to give me a quick demonstration".

### Pouring

The two salesmen from Leeds based Alpine Legs then produced impressive, glossy, brochures showing photographs of several attractive new artificial limbs. But when they began quoting prices Wilfred told them straight away that he wasn't interested.

### Snoring

"They measured my legs and came up with a price of over £10,000. I don't have that sort of money. Then they started telling me how much it was going to cost just to maintain my real legs. They said my old legs were coming to the end of their life and it wasn't worth having them repaired. I'd be better off investing in a new pair. I got a bit bamboozled. Then, after a while it seemed to make sense".

### Bed

Mr Barker asked the salesmen for time to think, and suggested they return the following day. But they told him they were only in the area for one night and that this was a special offer. "They said if I didn't sign there and then the price would be doubled, and I might end up with no legs at all".

### Head

Their aggressive sales pitch continued until dawn

and throughout the ordeal they refused to allow Mr Barker to use the lavatory. He pleaded with them to leave, but they said they would only go if he allowed them to cut off his legs. At around noon the following day, exhausted and suffering from bladder cramps, Wilfred eventually agreed.

### Morning

"They put a piece of paper in front of me and told me that if I signed it they would go away and let me sleep. So I did. Before I knew what was happening they'd sawn my legs off above the knee".

### Cash

Wilfred handed over £4,500 cash on the spot. The men then left, promising to return the next day to fit his replacement legs. But he heard nothing for over six weeks. Then he received another bill, this time for £24,000. "The first payment had only been a deposit, and they were refusing to fit my new legs until I paid the balance".

### Maths

Reluctantly Mr Barker sold his house in order to pay the bill. Two weeks later two men arrived and fitted his new legs, breaking his hip and two ribs in the process. "They were only here a couple of minutes but I couldn't believe the mess they made". Since then Wilfred has had nothing but trouble from his new legs. "The left one is too short and rattles when I go ballroom dancing. The other one just keeps falling off. I feel such a fool".

### Morris

When we showed Wilfred's legs to a leading orthopaedic surgeon he



Mr Barker with the two unevenly lengthed walking sticks he now needs to stand up.

was horrified.

"This is a really shoddy job. For a start Mr Barker's legs haven't been sawn off evenly. And even worse, he's been fitted with two left legs. They've not been weatherproofed properly and water is already ingressing and causing swelling of the knees", he added.

### Austin

A spokesman for OffPeg, the regulatory body responsible for artificial limbs and appliances have issued a warning to any old folk who were thinking of buying replacement legs. "Shop around, go to a reputable company or ask friends who've had their legs sawn off successfully and are happy with their replacements", he said. "But most importantly, never sign anything on the doorstep. Always ask for time to consider. Unless of course there's a special offer you might miss".

### Wolsley

Meanwhile Alpine Legs managing director Reg Shit flatly denied that his employees use any high pressure sales techniques. "All my salesmen are nice blokes. In fact the gentleman concerned used to be vicar. As far as I'm aware Mr Barker's legs fit perfectly well. Now fuck off out of it or I'll set me down on you", he told us.

# WONDERWARM!

**Rory blows valve on heating**

RORY GALLAGHER, the unknown brother of Oasis twins Niall and Liam has written a 'plumb and tell' book pulling the plug on the family's childhood heating arrangements.

## Duchess

Sick of seeing lies about his family printed in the press, younger brother Rory has decided to pipe up and set the record straight. And he reveals that contrary to some reports, the Gallagher family did NOT have Economy 7 night storage heating. "We didn't have any central heating in those days", he told us yesterday. "Just coal fires, and one paraffin heater which we kept in the bathroom".

## Duke St.

Coal fires were once the standard form of domestic heating in British households. Nowadays restrictions on the use of solid fuel would mean the Gallagher triplets having to buy smokeless coal 'brickettes' were they to light a fire in certain areas.

## Oasis gas-fired secrets exposed



### CHAMPAGNE SUPERBOILER:

Liam makes an obscene gesture next to the couple's 'Valiant' wall mounted combination boiler.



### WHAT'S THE STORY?

**BATHROOM RADIATOR:**  
Patsy poses alongside the couple's double panel fluted bathroom radiator. Their towel rail is just out of shot.



**DON'T LOOK BACK AT THE WATER TANK:**  
Liam's cosy hot water tank complete with foam insulation.

Four letter Oasis star Liam Gallagher has spoken out for the first time about the central heating system that keeps him warm in winter.

The outrageous billionaire drug crazed spitting singer has been holed up in a country hideaway with leggy lovebomb Patsy Kensit since returning from the band's disastrous US tour.

## Remote

We tracked the couple down to a remote £10 million, 8 bedroom farmhouse in the Sussex countryside. The house, which stands in its own garden, is heated by a traditional sealed circulating hot water system. It has plentiful radiators to the ground and first floors, plus electric night storage heaters in two attic bedrooms.

## Radio

Liam revealed for the first time the truth about the cost of heating the house. "It costs a fortune to heat, but who cares? I'm fucking loaded". The foul mouthed star told us the heating ran on LPG, or liquid petroleum gas.

## Out of

Inside the house Liam showed us into a utility room where a combination boiler was mounted

Writes our Pop & Plumbing Correspondent  
the late booted up wiggly newswriter  
**REGINALD BOSANQUET**

on a bare brick wall. A timer switch nearby allowed the controversial rocker and his blonde fiancée to preset the heating to come and off at certain times of the day. A booster switch enables Gallagher and his stunning bride-to-be to over-ride these preset times if required, making hot water available at short notice any time of the day or night.

## Upstairs

In an upstairs bathroom we saw a double panel radiator with towel rail above, while in a cupboard nearby stood a well lagged hot water tank.

## Downstairs

Locals at the nearby Kings Head pub told us that natural gas is not available in the area and the only alternative fuel to LPG would be oil. "Propane gas used to be cheaper than oil, but political unrest in the Middle East has caused prices to soar in recent years", said landlord Jack Higgins.

## DRUNKEN DAD HIT KIDS WITH POKER

THE Gallagher's drunken father Hughie regularly branded his kids with a red hot fireside poker, younger brother Rory has revealed.

"He kept a set of partly ornamental tools, including a fork, a small shovel and some tongs on the hearth", he told us yesterday. "The shovel was of little practical use because the handle became loose and unscrewed itself whenever it was used".



Hughie Gallagher yesterday

Millionaire twins Liam and Nigel gave their drunken father away to a jumble sale in 1988. He is currently in prison for swearing at a Sun photographer who poked him repeatedly with a sharp stick.

## Famous Sports Commentators Wanking on their Girlfriend's Tits No.65 Dan Maskell

FOREHAND... BACKHAND...  
FOREHAND... BACKHAND...  
THAT'S A DREAM  
OF A STROKE...

EURGH!

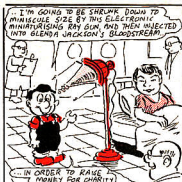
OH, I SAY!



# GILBERT RATCHET'S FANTASTIC VOYAGE

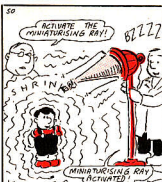


I'M REALLY EXCITED, READERS - I'M TAKING PART IN A REMARKABLE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT TODAY...



... I'M GOING TO BE SHRUNK DOWN TO MINUSCULE SIZE BY THE ELECTRONIC MINIATURISING RAY GUN, AND THEN INJECTED INTO GLENDA JACKSON'S BLOODSTREAM!

... IN ORDER TO RAISE MONEY FOR CHARITY!



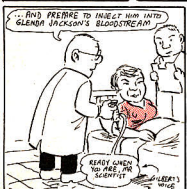
ACTIVATE THE MINIATURISING RAY!

SHRINK!

MINIATURISING RAY ACTIVATED!



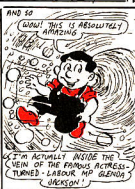
NOW THEN, WE CAREFULLY PLACE THE MINIATURISED GILBERT INTO THIS SYRINGE...



... AND PREPARE TO INJECT HIM INTO GLENDA JACKSON'S BLOODSTREAM

READY WHEN YOU ARE, MR. SCIENTIST

GILBERT'S VOICE



AND SO

WOW! THIS IS ABSOLUTELY AMAZING

I'M ACTUALLY INSIDE THE VEIN OF THE FAMOUS ACTRESS TURNED - LABOUR MP GLENDA JACKSON!



SHORLEY

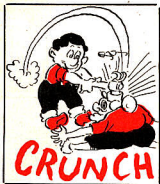
OH DEAR, MY CAT HAS GOT TRAPPED UP IN GLENDA JACKSON'S RIBCAGE...

HOW ON EARTH SHALL I GET HIM DOWN?



NEVER FEAR! I'LL SAVE YOUR LITTLE KITTY -

... WITH THE AID OF MY TRUSTY HAMMER



CRUNCH



THERE NOW, THE ENORMOUS CONCRETE BUMP WHICH WAS SPROUTED FROM YOUR HEAD CAN BE USED AS A 'FIREMAN'S HOLE' FOR YOUR CAT TO SLIDE DOWN TO SAFETY!

THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN



LOP! THERE'S A WOMEN'S INSTITUTE CHARITY BAZAAR BEING HELD IN GLENDA JACKSON'S DUB DUBBUM. BRILLIANT!

W.I. CHARITY BAZAAR  
12 NOON TODAY  
GLENDA JACKSON BUTTERHAM  
5P 80P/100W

TROUBLE IS, IT COSTS FIVE PEE RODS/100W AND I'M SKINT AGAIN



WHAT'S WRONG, MR. MAYOR - YOU LOOK A BIT FED UP



I'M SUPPOSED TO BE OPENING THIS NEW CHILDREN'S WARD IN GLENDA JACKSON'S BRIMMIAL TUBES...

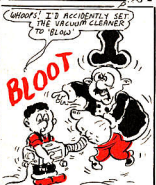
CHILDREN

BUT I CAN'T CUT THE RIBBON BECAUSE MY FINGERS ARE TOO FAT TO FIT THE SCISSORS PROPERLY!



A SPOT OF DIY LUBROUTION WITH THIS VACUUM CLEANER WILL SLAM DOWN YOUR POGGY FINGERS

ALL I ASK IN RETURN IS A FIVE PEECE REWARD



WHOO! I'D ACCIDENTALLY SET THE VACUUM CLEANER TO 'BLOW'

BLOOT



YOU BLITHERING OAF. NOW MY FINGERS ARE FATTER THAN EVER

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING FIVE PEECE OUT OF ME, YOU CAN! FUCK OFF



DRA! I'M A KEEN BIRD WATCHER, BUT GLENDA JACKSON'S GALL BLADDER IS NOTABLE FOR IT'S TOTAL ABSENCE OF ANY FEATHERED FRIENDS WHATSOEVER



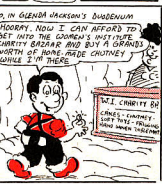
BY COVERING ITSELF WITH FEATHERS AND FLUFFING AROUND LIKE THAT, I CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH A CONVINCING ORNITHOLOGICAL EXTRAVAGANZA FOR SEVERAL HOURS

GREAT!

TWEET TWITTER



THANKS, GILBERT. HERE'S ONE THOUSAND POUNDS AND FIVE PENCE



SO, IN GLENDA JACKSON'S DUBDUBBUM

HOORAY. NOW I CAN AFFORD TO GET INTO THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE CHARITY BAZAAR AND BUY A GRANDS WORTH OF HOME-MADE CHUTNEY WHILE I'M THERE

W.I. CHARITY BAZAAR  
CRAVETS, CHUTNEY - SOFT TITS - BRILLIANT HAND MAKEN TARTS!

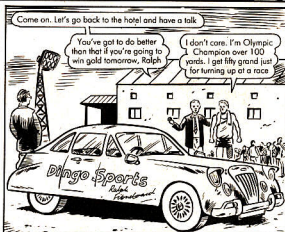


# CHEAT on the TRACK

Bahl! I'm beaten. That Russian is good. I'm dead on my feet and he's still full of running

Kalchinsky wins!

The semi-final of the World Amateur Athletics Championship 100 yard dash was not going well for the British wonder kid Ralph Fibreboard.

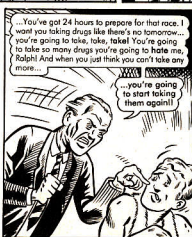
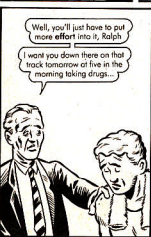


...that means no more money, we take back the car, take back the house... everything! You'll be finished, Fibreboard! Lose tomorrow and you'll never open another supermarket again

What am I going to do, coach? That Russian's going to be hard to beat

There's a rumour, Ralph - but nobody can prove it - that he takes...well....that he takes...part in an intensive training programme. Circuits, strict diet, eight hours a day in the gym. You name it, he does it

Those blasted Russians! I can't compete against that kind of training...





Eventually...

Well done, Ralph. A good morning's work. With that level of commitment and drug taking, the Russian won't stand a chance



Oh, Ralph...one more thing. Here's a bottle of my piss. Push this tube up your hog's eye and fill your bladder, just in case you get tested



Wow! This is great!

My heart's doing about 400 beats a minute and I feel like I'm floating on the fucking moon



Fibreboard wins!!!

Crikey! 6.8 seconds. A new world record!



Gosh! Look at Fibreboard go! There's no stopping him!



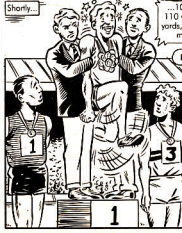
Eh?! What a phenomenal jump...



Great Scott! He's broken the pole vault record - without a pole!



My God! He's smashed the 400 yard record with his lap of honour!



Shortly...



...100 yards, 200 yards, 400 yards, 400 yards hurdles, 110 yard hurdles, high jump, long jump, pole vault, 1,500 yards, 5,000 yards, 10,000 yards steeplechase...all the gold medals go to Ralph Fibreboard of Great Britain

Hooray for Ralph!

...that's what I thought, but his piss is completely clean

I can't understand it

# Wizd brew spells trouble for trousers

# NIGHTMARE ON SHITS STREET

**HALLOWEEN** holds little fear for most adults. But come the witching hour this year one Viz reader is going to be a gibbering, nervous wreck in urgent need of a clean pair of underpants.

That's because we're giving away ten cases (that's 120 bottles) of Wyehood Brewery's new Hobgoblin Extra Strong Ale. And if that doesn't make you shit your pants, nothing will. Hobgoblin is yet another one of these gimmicky bottled beers with a cartoon on the label. It probably tastes like toad's piss, but at 5.5per cent proof, 120 bottles should just about get you there.

Simply answer these twelve terrifying teasers all about scary films without screaming or hiding behind a settee. To make it even more scary why not turn off the lights and read the questions in the dark, by torchlight. And ask a friend to make occasional owl noises in the background.

1. In the original movie Frankenstein what was Dr Frankenstein's humpy assistant called?

- a) Quasimodo
- b) Egor
- c) Fritz

2. Who created Frankenstein's monster?

- a) Boris Karloff
- b) Mary Shelley
- c) Dr Frankenstein

3. Who wrote the book Frankenstein?

- a) Mary Shelley
- b) Pete Shelley out of The Buzzcocks
- c) Shelley Winters

4. Who wrote the book Dracula?

- a) Doris Stokes
- b) Brahm Stoker
- c) Brahm Tchaikovsky out of The Motors

5. Which member of the Adams Family (pictured above) had the awkward task of organising a Saturday Night dance involving rival street gangs at a gym in the film musical West Side Story?

- a) Cousin It
- b) Herman Munster



6. In the pant pissingly scary British horror film Theatre Of Blood which member of the Warrington-on-Sea home guard had his head sawn off and stuck on top of a milk bottle by Vincent Price?

- a) Corporal Jones
- b) Captain Mainwaring
- c) Sergeant Wilson

7. Which Gotham City arch villain did Vincent Price portray in the sixties TV series Batman?

- a) Penguin
- b) Dr Phibes
- c) Egghead

8. What is the name of the dead scary bloke with a floppy hat, a Dennis the Menace jumper and knife hands who gives everyone the shits in Elm Street after they've gone to sleep.

- a) Edward Scissorhands
- b) Freddie Kruger
- c) Freddie 'Parrot Face' Davies

9. In a bizarre twist almost straight out of one of his own movies, what happened to scary British Hammer horror actor Peter Cushing after his death?

- a) He came alive and ate someone.
- b) He turned into a bat and flew away.
- c) He was buried, but a slight controversy surrounds the actual whereabouts of his final resting place.

10. Which star of the children's film classic The Railway Children got her minge piece scooped in the horror movie American Werewolf In London?

- a) Bernard Cribbins
- b) Sally Thomset
- c) Jenny Agutter

11. In a bizarre twist almost straight out of one of his own movies, what happened to actor Bella Lugosi while he was filming the science fiction film Plan Nine From Outer Space?

- a) He was bitten by a bat and turned into a vampire.
- b) He was chased round a grave yard by a scary monster.
- c) He dropped down dead.

12. After Bella Lugosi had dropped down dead, who took over his starring role in the science fiction movie Plan Nine From Outer Space?

- a) Lon Chaney Junior
- b) Lon Chaney Senior
- c) Bella Lugosi's dentist

Mark your entries "Hobgoblin". Closing date is 8th November 1996. First correct entry out of the hat wins the beer. Anyone else wishing to sample this potent potion can summon up a bottle by going out, in the licensing hour, and throwing a handful of silver coins onto the counter at their nearest branch of Tesco's, Unwins or Savacentre stores.

# Identify the a this video!

**TRAINSPOTTING**, described as "The best British movie of the decade" by Empire magazine, has just been released by Polygram Video, priced a mere £15.99 from a video shop near you. And we've got 50 fucking copies to give away.

Twelve questions about trainspotting would be a bit on the dull side, so instead we're asking questions about all sorts of dull and boring pastimes, and the misguided celebrities who participate in them. See if you can tell whose hobby's whose?

1. They lived fast and died young. But as well as sex and drugs and rock and roll, one of these rock legends listed train spotting among his hobbies. Which one?

- a) Guitar legend Jimi Hendrix
- b) Brian Jones out of the Rolling Stones
- c) The Who's Keith Moon



2. Despite exciting careers these sad celebs sit at home breeding animals to while away the hours. Can you match the star with the animals they breed? Against each number (1, 2 and 3) place a letter (A, B or C).

- (1) Spurs boss Gerry Francis
- (2) Strong man Geoff Capes
- (3) Lefty MP Ken Livingstone
- (A) Pigeons
- (B) News
- (C) Budgies

3. Which ONE of the following game show hosts DOESN'T collect clocks?

- a) Stuart Hall
- b) Robert Robinson
- c) Nicholas Parsons

4. Actress and 3-2-1 star Anna Dawson shares an unusual interest with carrot topped nerdy news reader Nicholas Witchell. What turns them on?



- a) UFO hunting
- b) Deer hunting
- c) Loch Ness monster hunting

5. These stars keep themselves fit with active pastimes. Match the person to the healthy outdoor pursuit.

- (1) Energy egghead Professor Ian Fells
- (2) Vision On artist Tony Hart
- (3) Actress Rula Lenska
- (A) Discovering new types of elephants
- (B) Chopping logs
- (C) Cross country skiing

6. Others prefer less strenuous pastimes. What do these three lazy bastards get up to in their chairs?

- (1) Weighty former Rochdale MP Cyril Smith
- (2) Comedian Bobby Ball
- (3) Children's TV presenter Johnny Ball



- (A) Reading the Bible
- (B) Doing sums
- (C) Eating ginger chocolates



# oraks and win

ing is the best British film of the decade" \*\*\*\*\* EMPIRE



## Trainspotting

7. Collecting art is a great hobby if you can afford it. These three operate within their respective budgets. Who collects what?

- (1) Chris De Burgh
  - (2) Leslie Crowther
  - (3) Andrew Lloyd Webber
- (A) Pre Raephellite art  
(B) Persian rugs  
(C) The lids off pots

8. Coronation Street's Derek Wilton (alias actor Peter Baldwin, not to be confused with Mike Baldwin, alias actor Johnny Briggs) is married to Mavis Wilton (alias actress Thelma Barlow, not to be confused with Ken Barlow, alias actor Bill Roach). What does he collect?

- a) Toy soldiers
- b) Toy theatres
- c) Toy boys

9. When he's not interrupting people on the telly, snidey features Newsnight TV bully Jeremy Paxman divides his spare time between two binding passions. What are they?

- a) Swimming and gardens
- b) Fly fishing and mountains
- c) Painting and canals

10. Which ONE of the following dirty devils DOES-N'T collect saucy old postcards?

- a) Ronnie Barker
- b) Ronnie Corbett
- c) Ian McCaskill

11. Super lightweight going nowhere daytime TV host Ross King collects memorabilia in his spare time. What sort of memorabilia does super lightweight going nowhere daytime TV host Ross King collect?

- a) Railway memorabilia
- b) Nazi memorabilia
- c) James Bond memorabilia

12. Finally an easy one. Watching football is a popular hobby for many of the rich and famous. Match the teams to their celebrity supporters.

- (1) Hell raising, hard living, Patsy Kensit singing Oasis singer Liam Gallagher.



(2) Charterhouse and Oxford educated former economic advisor to the Kenyan government, one time Warburg Investment Management director and current investment manager of OLIM Convertible Trust plc, Matthew Oakshott.

(3) Hunky, heart throb actor and Sharp star Sean Bean.

- A) Sheffield United
- B) Manchester City
- C) Arsenal

Mark your entries 'Trainspotting'. Closing date 8th November. The first fifty correct entries out of the hat each win a video. If less than fifty are correct the remaining videos will be awarded to the closest runners up.

# Solve the crap crimes and win a brill book!

**THE Fortean Times book of Inept Crime is a catalogue of crappy crimes committed by fuck witted felons. It's a hilarious hotch potch of bungled burglaries, bizarre break-ins, messed up muggings and farcical firearms offences.**

It's an ideal gift for someone who finds that sort of thing funny, and is on sale now from book shops priced just £4.99. But you can turn twat detective and win one of the 50 copies we're giving away.

1. In 1993 Norwegian bank robber Rolf Horne was caught two hours after robbing an Oslo bank. Where did he go wrong?

- a) He fell asleep drunk in the bank vault.
- b) He returned to the bank to deposit the money and was recognised.
- c) His wife was a police officer and arrested him when he got home.

2. Brazilian Rodrigo Almeida was arrested shortly after robbing a bank in San Paulo. What was his big mistake?

- a) He lost his keys and couldn't get into his car.
- b) He was waiting outside the bank for a taxi.
- c) He fell asleep drunk in the bank vault.

3. In 1990 pizza delivery man Troy Brewer of Balch Springs, Texas, was held up by robbers armed with what?

- a) Bows and arrows
- b) A frozen chicken
- c) A turtle

4. What did thieves use to break into a pub in Dawlish, Devon in August 1992?

- a) A frozen chicken
- b) A hot air balloon
- c) A frozen rabbit

5. Thieves burrowed through a wall to gain entry to a Vancouver restaurant in 1994. Once inside, what did they do?

- a) Oiled the castor wheels on the restaurants 100 chairs.
- b) Went into the freezer and had sex with frozen chickens.
- c) Stole some frozen lasagna.



**Clueless Clueso - the crappiest criminologist of all**

6. A bank official in Switzerland stole £500,000. When arrested two years later he'd blown the lot. Where had it all gone?

- a) He had spent it all on prostitutes.
- b) He'd spent it all on ear plugs because his wife snored so loudly.
- c) He ate it.

7. In 1994 Brazilian burglar Renato Pereira was caught red handed during a raid on a social club in Sao Paulo. What was his elementary error?

- a) He fell asleep after drinking 30 points of beer.
- b) He turned on the disco and began dancing, thus alerting neighbours.
- c) He got his cock stuck in a vacuum cleaner.

8. In 1992 a Honolulu man was arrested for causing cruelty to animals. What had he done?

- a) Played the harmonica to an elephant.
- b) Had sex with a crocodile.
- c) Forced a chicken to have sex with his wife.

9. Edilbir Guimaires of Brazil was arrested the morning after he burgled a factory in Belo Horizonte. What brought about his downfall?

- a) It was a paint factory and he left a trail of bright red foot prints leading to his house.

b) It was a fireworks factory and he accidentally blew up his house when lighting a cigarette.

c) It was a glue factory and he glued himself to the floor.

10. In October 1984 a thief snatched a handbag from a Mrs Levubu in Krugersdorp, South Africa. What did it contain?

- a) A fully grown lion weighing three quarters of a ton.
- b) Ten bottles of piss.
- c) Mrs Levubu's husband, who was 187, and had got stuck in the bag while shagging a frozen chicken 100 years previously.

Mark your entries 'Inept Crime'. Competition closes 8th November. (To make it easier for us to remember the answers we're listing them here. These are for office use only. Please do not look at them. 1b, 2b, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 7a, 8a, 9c, 10b.) The first 50 correct entries out of the hat will each receive a copy of the book.

## WINNERS

**Issue 79 WATERWORLD:** S W Smallman of York jets off on holiday to America.

**Issue 79 CULT TV:** Mr A Slivler of Halesowen spends a dreary weekend in Caister. Kevin Lettis, Steve Cooper and Nick Talbot get a T-shirt. The following get parcels of crap. B Devine, Miss A Knight, Emma Poole, Mark Parsons, Trevor A Miller.

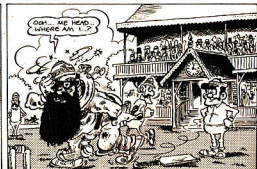
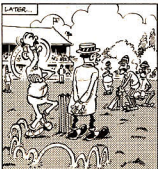
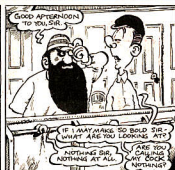
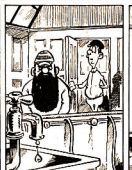
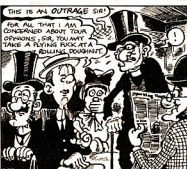
## ENTRIES

Write your answers on a postcard or sealed envelope together with your name and address and send it to:

**Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT**

Please send separate cards for different competitions.

# Raffles The Gentleman Thug





BUCKIN' ELL, WELLL CAN YOU LEND US THWENTY DOLL - IT'S A DEAD CERT WAS OUT ON THE PISS WITH THE JOCKEY LAST NIGHT

NO CHANCE, PLOD, YOU ALREADY OWE ME HUNDREDD'





# Doctor Poolittle

HE TALKS TO THE ANIMALS - about constipation

